Of all nanufactures, thut of watches must he the most exquisite and delicate. But why should Expe make our watches? asks cummon sene and the genius of American enterprise. Why should 17, asks the American Watch Company; and in this factory flat. Company is demonstrating why we should make them for ourselves. And it is a very practy and anti-factory nawer to a very plain question.

There are not two hundred and forty or fifty ment, and only about a cause of the watch of

English, Russian and Spanish—and among them a daughter of Mared Boyzaris. There was another portrait of a dark-haired, dark-eyed woman—who was that? It was the Corretess of Landsfold; and in Kaulhach's atodio, zear by, there was a find-longth portrait of the same dark-eyed woman—dark and the same that? It was the Corretess of Landsfold; and in Kaulhach's atodio, zear by, there was a find-longth portrait of the same dark-eyed woman—dark, and the same that the s

"Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her hreast.
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving with meckness
Her sins to her Saviour."

THE KING IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE KING!

THE KING IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE KING!

Furs poor old King of Prussia, Frederick William
Fourth, is dead at last, and will wash his face in
macarent soup no more. His brother, the late
Regent, Prince of Prussia, known to us in the
diguerrotypes for his tall, gasunt figure, his stern
face, and the sonoy whiteness of his hair, is now
King of Prussia. It is his son who married Vistrain's daughter, and the English Princess will one
day be Queen of Prussia.

The poor old King! He was supposed to be
clever conce; but his brain was early confused with
foolish ideas of dwine rupal right, and divine servila dependence. While it was only those servila dependence. While it was only those, it was
not important. Kings, if they choose, may suppose that they have some divine right that other
filters set to transact the business of this world
have not. But they are pretty sure to be suddeny undoecived in tiese days, and poor Frederick
William's undoceiving came on the 18th of March,
1848.

And there is one pleasant impression—the pleasantest of all—that you bring away. While the indice variety of machinery seems almost self-cities, the workmen and women impress you with the heartiest respect; and whee, as you pause in the office, you are shown the beautiful watch that was recently given by the citizens of Waltham the wife of Governor Banks, you are irresistily reminded that he came out of a factory in this voice, and reflect that, as you have just sent the making of watches that mark the time of days, a mong the makers, you have seen the men whose intelligence and ability mark the time of days, a mong the makers, you have seen the men whose intelligence and ability mark the time of evillization appropriate and intelligence of labor.

—There are the spires of Waltham—the pretty white town of West Newton—and, while here are intelligence and ability mark the time of the self-respect and intelligence of labor.

—There are the spires of Waltham—the pretty white town of West Newton—and, while here are the spires of Waltham—the pretty white town of West Newton—and, while here are the spires of Waltham—the pretty white town of West Newton—and, while here are the spires of Waltham—the pretty white two more than 10 min.

—There are the spires of Waltham—the pretty white two more than 10 min.

—There are the spires of Waltham—the pretty white two more than 10 min.

—The spire of the spire of Waltham—the pretty white two more of the spire of washing the spire of walth the spire of walth

and the poor old King has been for some years a pitial lo spectacle. He is dead at late-possibly nobedy shedding a tear, and the white hairs of the gaunt brother are crowned. Probably his heart close not leap much as his lead feels the crown. For in the days that have deavened upon Europe and the world a crown is to pleything.

THE NEW NOVEL

In the last Number of Ilin per's Braithly Thacken's begins his new Shray of Bullin, in which we are begins his new Shray of Bullin, in which we are begins his new Shray of Bullin, in which we are begins his new Shray of Bullin, in which we are several of our old rineab upon the stage. Major Pendennis and his nephew Arther, his on his per bulling his per season of the stage of the season of the stage. Major Pendennis and his nephew Arther, his on his per bulling his per bulli

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

If a pretty Young Lady talked too much would it be ungallant to admire her, but to qualify it by eaving that her beauty was un peu trop prononce.

DESTROYING THE ENEMYS WORKS.

At the sack of the Emperor's Palace at Pekin, a number of valuable watches and clocks were destroyed. We suppose the coldifice did it as an amusement merely by way of killing time.

THE ENITED EFFORT OF SIX ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.—What color is it that contains several? An umber (a number).

RIDDLE FOR THE SOCIAL CIECLE.—When is a young lady like a poscher? When she has her hair in a net.

SERENADE.

To be Sung in a Stocked Hat and Spanish Cloak, with a Guilar, and a Flute obliquia.

The words printed in Italies in the following Song are intended to represent the accompaniment of wind and stringed interments:

i instruments:
List, Angelina, list!
For the stars are shining bright,
And they say to you,
Ob—toolte-toolte-too,
Angelina dear, Good-night! The heron has gone to rest On the banks of the Tweed-le deedle-dee, And the thrush and the linnet Have flown this minute To the tree, to the tum-tum tree!

This, diddle-dum, diddle-dum, This, diddle-dum, diddle-nido, This is the melodie Of your foud Fido!

Refrain appraisamate.
List, Angelina, list!
For the stars are almining bright,
They say to you
Ob-toolt-toolt-loo;
They cry to thee
Ob-toolt-toolt-loot
Diddle-didule-didule-dear, Good-night!

The Chinese have a saying that "only fools and beg-gars feel the cold. The one have not the wit to clothe ad-equately, the others are too poor to provide necessary clothing."

Golding."

"There is no place like heme," said a fep, the other evening to a powtry young lady. "Do you really thing of "said the young lady." "Do you really think re?" said the young lady. "Ufl yes." was the reply. "Then," said Sh. "why don't you may then?"

A FURKEN HARKE, "I'll am afraid of the lightning," meanured a perty young, o'ling a thought sorm. "Well you may be," said a depairing loves, "when your heart is steel."

Can't Take any Tring Strong.—"Digby, will you take some of inis butter?" "Think you, ma am, I belong to the ten perance society—can't take any thing strong," replied Digby.

there is still hope. Lefter and shifer man this any of our controlled in still hope. Lefter and shifer man this any of our admirably, and spent their more picknally!

DONALD AND THE COCARTA.—The pracise from London, while cojoging been still the shife in a Large, while cojoging been still the shife in a Large, while cojoging been still the shife in a Large, while cojoging been still the shife in a Large, while cojoging been still the shife in a Large, while cojoging and the shife in the shife i

In the examination of an Irish case for assault and bat-tery, counsel, on cross-exemining the witness, asked him wifet they had at the first place they stopped? He answerd, "Four glasses of ale." "What next?" "Two glasses of wine." "What next?" "One glass of brandy." "What next?" "What for the "One glass of brandy."

"Why is it, hushand, that whenever we send for a pound of tea or coffee to the groom it falls an ounce short?" "Ch, it's just a weigh he has."

"Well, Sman, what do you think of married ladles be-ing happy?" "Why, I think there are more ain? that is than is that sin?!."

A royal soul may belong to a beggar and a beggarly one to a king.

"Sir, you have broken your promise." "Oh, never mind; I can make another just as good."
"I have give n you I hooset opinion, Madam." "Sir, you never had one."

Every man is a worse man in preportion as he is unfit for the married state.

Tem Hood cays nothing spells a holiday like a Sunday coat or a pair of new boots. To have time set easy, your garments must set the example. The Laconuso Gamer.—To perform the laughing gam-nt, without pause or mistake, thus:



get into hot.

Say this correctly without stopping: "Bandy-legy"d Borachio Mostachio Whitkerifustions the bald and trava Bombardino of Begind helped Abouillique Blor-Beard Beshaw of Belselmandeb to beat down an abouinable Sunhol fee at Belson."

Uniform love is now defined as the love of a girl for a

It is supposed the fallow who left the house was not able to take it with him.

Don't be cross because you are turning gray. If you are grizzly, you needn't be a grizzly bear.

Be careful how you jest. The richest joke of the season may be a very unseasonable one, and produce a very bad crop.

"My sister," said a poor man with a large family, "Is a legacy, and immediately became a lump of ice to me."



RALPH FARNHAM'S LAST DREAM.

Is the midst of his children's children, by the home-fire's cheerful blaze, An old man sat in an easy-chair, dreaming of by-gone days; Preaming of wearisome marches, by flood, morass, and wold, Where many a brave heart fainted with hunger and thirst and cold: Dreaming of midnight watches in the dreary, drizzling rain, And the hun of his comrades' voices, that he never should hear again; Of the smouldering fires of the bivouac, the sentinel's measured tread, The smoke and roar of the battle, and the faces of the dead—Of the fair young son of his neighbor, who fought and fell by his side, And the sacred message he gave him to his girl-love when he died. He saw the face of the maiden grow as cold as death and as pale, As he sat by her father's hearth-stone and told her the cruel tale. "Ay, ay!" in his sleep he murmured, "she was fair and he was brave, But she faded away like a blossom, and we made him a soldier's grave. But we ronted the British legions, and sent them over the sea, For the God of battles helpod us, and our native land was free. My son, I have been dreaming a dream that gave me pain; I should be tents and the banners, and the shining ranks of the foe, And the crimson tracks our poor recruits left on the frozen snow. But is it true, this rumor, or only an idle tale—Do they talk of dissolving the Union?—Ah, well may your cheek grow pale, And well may an old man tremble, and his heart beat faint and low, When he thinks of the price it cost us some fourscore years ago! I have wetched its growing greatness through a life of many years, But I never forgot the prixedions of fourscore years ago. When the naked feet of our poor recruits left crimson tracks in the snow. I never forgot the prixedions of fourscore years ago. When the naked feet of our poor recruits left crimson tracks in the snow. I never forgot the frices, and I seem to see them still, Who looked straight into the face of death at the battle of Bunker's Hill. And so the home of Marion is the first to break the band That bound the beautiful si



UNDER THE FIR-TREES.

A HARVEST ROMANCE

"Ha, Mantas! well mei, fair maid! Where roaming this bright morn?"
The maiden, with a sigh, replies, "My Lord, to lease the corn,"
Her hair with bloss-ms wild bedeck'd, her check with blushes dyed,
She stands a very queen of flowers, yet downcast as a bride,

"Come, Marian, my love, with me; nay, why so bashful now?
This scorching sun will deeply tinge the whiteness of thy breez?
The coarse, hands stubble of the fields these little hands will spoil;
My village beauty was not born to suffer heat and toil.

"Come, fairest, come, why linger still? Such rude employment leave; Beneath the fir-trees' welcome shade, we'll wan-der as at eve.

Have you that happy hour forgot-my mur-mur'd vows and sighs?

Dear Marian, turn, and let me read my answer in thine eyes!"

Fair Marian at his bidding turns; they pace be-neath the trees, Whose tall and tender columns wave and mut-ter with each hreeze. But those sweet eyes are filled with tears, the blash forsakes her cheek. "What is it troubles Marian so? Speak, little maiden, agnak." maiden, speak.

But Marian, resting on a bank, looks down and thinks a while;
The handsome noble, lounging near, looks on with earless smile.
No sound disturbs the solitude but labor's distant beauty and the solitude but labor's distant b

tant hum:
Impatiently at last he eries, "My sweetest, art thon dumb?"

Then, hands clasped loosely round his arm, up-tured her pretty face, Fair Marian says with carnest air, yet full of modest grace, "The words you whisper'd me last night, and once we met before,



SEA BATTERY, FORT MONROE, OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA .- [SEE PAGE 70.]

Were best unsaid-must be forgot-and we must meet no more.

ay, hear me, while I tell you how, in listen

Nat, near the, winder a control now, in treesing to those wors, with joyful heart methought I heard the warning firtree boughts Say, as the soft wind through them song, 'Such fond words must be true.

All luppy, happy Marian! he loves and loves but you!'

"We parted—homeward went your steps, but mine here linger'd still, Lest other eyes should guess what hopes my flutt'ring bosom fill; But as I mused, another song the trees sang in

mine car,

Ah, simple, simple Marian! Donbt, maiden,
doubt and fear!

"Then asked I my sinking heart—Can such change be in life? The daughter of the laboring man become the noble's wife?

ured to earn my daily bread, the child of want and care, Can such as I the gems of wealth he ever meant

"Then osked I again my heart—'But could my lord mean guile? Would one so great as he deceive poor Marian with a smile? The untamish'd honor of his house, his name be all forgot?' So mourn'ally the branches waved, I trembling field the spot!

"And through the long and wakoful night still sounded in mine ear The soughing of those fix-tree boughs—'Doubt, mailen, doubt and fear!' My lord, I have no more to tell, my inmost thought you know."

But now her fall-tring voice in vain essaya to bid him go.

The young man listened with his head bent down upon his breast. He answered, "Little friend, forgive this sad and sorry jest; In seeing you so beautiful, I have been much to

For trifling with so pure a heart, regardless of your fame!"

Bending yet lower, that fair face he once more looks upon.
"Forgive—forget me, Marian." One kiss, and

he is gone! Faintly, more faintly falls his step-it dies in

far-off grove,
And with it findes the maiden's dream, her first
sweet dream of love.

Up, up, there is no longer time here grievingly

Up, up, there is no to stay;

For in the fields ask many tongues "Where Marian is fo-day?"

The griefs and cares of poverty must workfully

Marian's tears fall thick and fast, while leasing in the corn.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

F Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XV.

With my head fall of George Barnwell, I was at first disposed to believe that I must have had some hand in the attack upon my sister, or at all events that as her near relation, popularly known to be under obligations to her. I was a more legitimate object of suspicion than any one close. But when, in the clearer light of next marning, I began to reconsider the matter and to hear it discussed around me on all sides, I took another view of the case which was more excessible.



was there any disarrangement of the kitchen, excepting such as she herself had made in falling and bleeding. But there was one remarkable piece of evidence on the spot. She had been struck with something blant and heavy on the head made with something blant and heavy on the head made with something blant and heavy on the head made with something blant and heavy on the head made with something blant and heavy on the head made with something blant and heavy on the head made with something blant and heavy on the head of the with considerable violence as she lay on her fine. And on the ground beside her, when Joe picked her up, was a convict's leg-iron which had been filed assunder.

Now Joe, oxamining this iron with a smith's eye, declared it to have been filed assunder some the something of the head of the Hulks, and people coming thence to examine the iron, Joés opinion was corroborated. They did not undertake to say when it had left the prison-ship, to which it undoubtedly had once belonged; it was a supplied to the head of he

sight was disturbed, so that she saw objects multiplied, and grasped at visionary teaceigs and wine-glasses instead of the realities; he rheaging was greatly impaired; her memory also; and let speech was unintelligible. When at least she test she was the speech and the speech was the speech

ed on the slate by his initial letter), and ran into the forge, followed by Joe and me.

"Why, of course!" cried Biddy, with an cultant face. "Don't you see? It as him?"
Orlick, without a doubt! Sbe had lost his name, and could only signify him by his hammer. We told him why we wanted him to come into the kirchen, and he slowly laid down his hummer, wiped his brow with his arm, took into the kirchen, and he slowly laid down his hummer, wiped his brow with his arm, took of the course him, and that I was disaprointed by the course him, and that I was disaprointed by the different result. She manifested the greatest anxiety to be on good terms with him; was creduced, and pleased by his being at length with given by the different result. She manifested the greatest makely to be on good terms with him; was creduced, and pleased by his being at length him given something to drinke would have been conceiliant him; and there was an air of humble propitation in all she did, such as I have seen pervale the bearing of a frightened child toward a hard master. After that day, a day on ber salte, and without Orlick's discussional and the summer on ber salte, and without Orlick's discussional and standing doggedly before her, as if he knew no more than I did what to make of it.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHAPTER XVI.

I sow fell into a regular routiue of apprenticeship-life, which was varied, beyond the limits of the village and the marshes, by no more remarkable circumstance than the arrival of my birtiday and my paying another visit to Miss and the marshes, but the marshes of the same than the

iffect than causing her to ask me, very anguly, if I expected more? Then, and after that, took it.

So nnchanging was the dull old house, the yellow light in the darkened room, the faded spectrue in the chair by the dressing-table pless, that I folt as if the stopping of the elocks had stopped Time. In that mysterious place, and, and the stopping the control of the stopping of the stopping the control of the stopping that it folt as if the stopping of the elocks had one of the stopping the stop



"HULLOAP" HE GROWLED; "WHERE ARE YOU TWO GOING POL

"Biddy," said I, "how do you manage it? Either I am very stupid or you are very elever." "What is it that I manage? I don't knoe," returned Biddy, smiling. She managed our wide domestic life, and She managed our wide domestic life, and though that made what I did not mean that, though that made what I did menn more sur-

though that made was a sum of the printing.

"How you manage, Biddy," said I, "to learn the real that the printing the I beart, and always to keep and the printing that it is not a sum of my knowledge, for I spent my birthdey guiness on it, and set aside the greater part of my pocket-money for similar investment; though I have no doubt now that the little I knew was extremely dear at the price.

"I might as well ask you," said Biddy, "how yow manage" as well ask you," said Biddy, "how yow manage" as well ask you," said Biddy, "how yow manage" as well ask you," said Biddy, "how yow manage" as well ask you," said Biddy, quietly; and went on with her sewing.

"I suppose I must eath it—like a cough," said Biddy, quietly; and went on with her sewing.

Pursuing my idea as I leaned back in my wooden chair and looked at Biddy sewing away with her head on one side. I be gon I called to a sum of the price of the

"You know best, Pip; but don't you think you are happier as you are?"
"Biddy," I exclaimed, impatiently, "I am not at all happe at I on. I am disquested with my calling and with my life. I have never taken to either since I was bound. Don't be absurd!"
"Was I absurd?" said Biddy, quietly raising her eyebrows; "I am sorry for that; I didn't mean to be. I only wast you to do well, and to be comfortable."
"Well, then, understand once for all that I never shall or can be comfortable—or any thing but misreafle—ther, Biddy !-- amaless I can lead a very different sort of life from the life I lead now."

now."
"That's a pity!" said Biddy, shaking her head with a sorrowfol air.
Now, I too had so often thought it a pity, that, in the singular kind of quarrel with myself which I was always carrying on, I was half-inclined to shod tears of vexation and distress when Biddy gove unterance to her sentiment and when I told her she was right, and I knew the was the best of the sentence of the sentence of the was not be bettern.

"If I could have settled down:" I said to Biddy, sfocking up the short grass within reach, muck as I had once upon a time pulled my feet inset out of my thir and kicked them into the settled out of my thir and kicked them into the settled out of my thir and could have settled when we had a settled when he had he had he would have we wanted outhing then, and Joe and I would have we wanted outhing then, and Joe and I would have we wanted outhing then, and Joe and I would have we wanted outhing then, and Joe and I would have been good enough for you; should all he had been good enough for you; should a like the he had on the settled for you, and the settled for you is should a like the he had on the had on the had on you are you wanted to the his possible of you wanted the had on you wanted the had on you wanted the had on the had oloked at the sailing ships.

"It was nother a very true nor a very polite thing to say," she remarked, directing her eyes to the ships again. "Who said it?"

I was disconcerted, for I had broken away without quite seding wher I was going. It was not to be shuffled off now, however, and savered, "The beautiful the nat he had looked at the sailing ships.

"It was nother a very le was going. It was not to be shuffled off now, however, and wanted the young to the had you without quite seding wher I was going. It was not to be shuffled off now, however, and wanted the had you want to be a gentleman on the raccount." Having made which lonatic confession I began to throw my torn-up grass in the river, as if I had some thoughts of following it.

"Do you want to be a gentleman to spite her or to gain her over?" Biddy quiety asked me, after a passe.

"It don't here was the way to wanted the wanted had hought many third wanted the wanted had hought wanted to gain her over?" Biddy and wanted here we had a little to gain her over, I should think—but you know here we had a little l

me pain; she would far rather have wounded her over breast than mine. How could it be, then, that I did not like her much the better of the two?

"Biddy," said I, when we were walking homeward, "I wish you could pot me right."

"I wish I could," said Biddy.
"If I could only get myself to fall in love with you—you don't mind my speaking so openly to such an old acquaitunee."

"Oh dear, not at all!" said Biddy. "Don't aind me."

"If I could only get myself to do it, that would be the thing for me."

"If I could only get myself to do it, that would be the thing for me."

"But you never will be the thing for me."

"But you net on the said biddy and she were, and she said it decisively. In my hoart I believed her to be right; and yet I took is rather ill, too, that she should be so positive upon the point.

When we came cear the church-yard we had to cross an embankment, and get over a stile near a shine-gate. There started up, from the gate, of from the unske, or from the coze (which was quite in his stagmant way), old Orlick.
"Hulloa!" he growled; "where are you two going?"

"Where should we be going, but home?"

was quite in his sugnont way), old Orlick.
"Hulloa!" he growled; "where are you two
going?"
"Where should we be going, but home?"
"Where should we be going, but home?"
"When hen," said he, "I'm jiggered if I
don't see you home!"
This penalty of being jiggered was a favorite
empositious case of his. He attached no definite menning to the word that I am aware of,
but used it, like his own pereanded Christian
name, to affront mankind, and convey an idea
of something savagely damaging. When I was
of something savagely damaging. When I was
not something savagely damaging. When I was
had jiggered me personally he would have done
it with a sharp and valved hook.
Biddy was much against his going with us,
and said to me in a whisper, "Bon't lot his
come; I don't like him." As I did not like
him either. I took the liberty of saying that us,
that had him, but we didn't want seeing home.
He received that piece of information with a
yell of langbter, and drouped back, but came
slouching after us at a little distance.
Carrions to know whether Biddy manyeeted
attack of which my sister had never been ablus
tatock of which my sister had never been ablus
tatock of which my sister had never been ablus
to give any account, I asked her why she did not
like him?
"O'll he ever tell you he liked you?" I asked,
indignantly.
"No," said Biddy, glancing over her shoulder

"On!" her repited, giantung work use auder as he skonched after as, "because I.—I am afraid he likes me."

"Did he were tell you he liked you?" I asked, iodignantly.

"No," said Biddy, glancing over her shoulder again, "he never told me so; but he dances at me whenever he can cathe my eye.

"I have been the control of t

FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA.

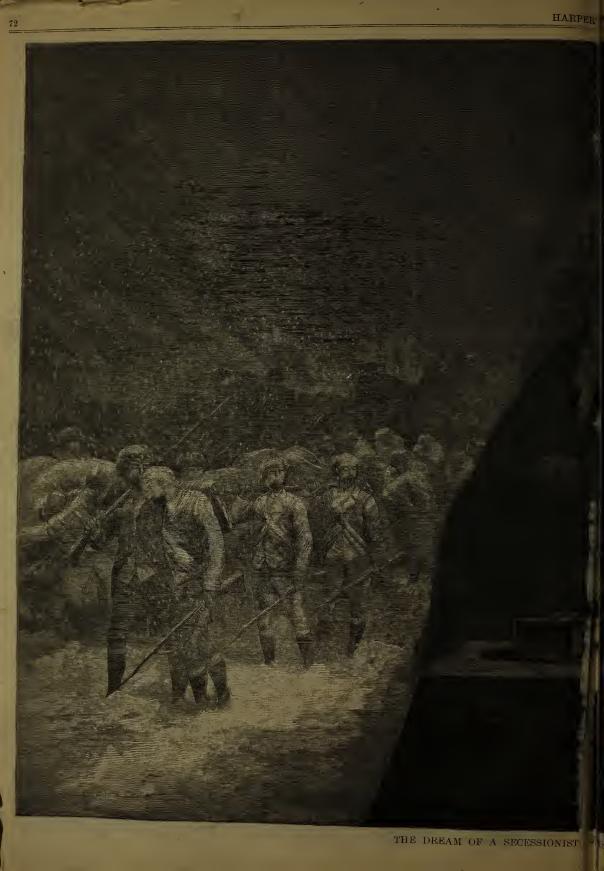
We publish on pages 63 view of the rea battery at Fortress Monne, Virgioin. This fort, which is one of the stronges in the United States, constitutes the north point of the entrance of James River. It is one mile from Fort Calbour, on the Rip Raps; the two works command the entrance to the River. It is one mile from Fort Calbour, on the Rip Raps; the two works command the entrance to the River. It assumer, the page, which is known as 50H Fort Confort, is a favorite resort for bathers. A few weeks ago comblerable apprehension was full for weeks ago comblerable apprehension was full for that it is garrier to the resort of the

Speaking of this fortress, a Virginian authority

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.





THE GRAY WOMAN

Strak's a wer, the roused me to be eat the ideases of the strain the second strain of the sec

sugget, as san, with cool determination in his roles,
"Now, my good friends, what is the use of all his talking, when you know in your hearts that of a supercivel my wife of knowing more than if a supercivel my wife of knowing more than if hose of my affairs she would not onlive the day? Remember Victorius. Because she merely joked boost my affairs in an imprudent manner, and rejected any advice to keep a prudent tongue—to see that she liked, but ask nothing and say nothing—the has gone a long journey—longer than to learn;"

and has some a long fourney—longer than to 'aris'.

"But this one is different to ber; we knew all has if adams (Vectorine knew, bob was meh a chatcher; but this one may find out a vast deal, and he were breath a sword alout it, she is so aly. Some ins day we may have the country raised, and the crees drams down upon us from Strasturg, and il owing to your pretty doll, with her couning vas of coming over you."

I think this roused M. do la Tourelle a little or a his centeraptions indifference, for he ground in each through his teeth, and said, "Feel! this age of a slarge, Henri. H my wife breathes a contract of an auch a fool as not to have atopped out out the through his teeth, and said, "Feel! this age of a slarge, if a slarge, he had been a bring down or an all am such a fool as not to have atopped to way to my heart. Let be the the through the feet she can bring down or a drame quality letters she can bring down or a drame quality letters a green to that I am not a 'grand propriétaire,' much less in that I am not a 'grand propriétaire,' much less in that I am a chief of chauffeur—and she fillium Viccinio on the long journey beyond Paris that vary ay."

e'll outwit you yet, or I never judged wo-

men well. Those still, silent ones are the devil, She'll Le off during some of your absences, having of ked out some severt that will break us all on the wheel."

Bern?

By this time they had nearly stripped the body, and the coaversation turned on what they should do with it. I learned that the dead wan was the Samur de Peissy—a neighburing grantleman, whose the beard of as hunting with my handard. I had never seen him; but they spoke as if he had come upon them while they were see if he had come upon them while they were see the cross place of the chandler who was the come pont them while they were the cross place of the chandler of compel them to reveal they hidden circumstances connacted with their wealth, of which the chandlers afterward made use; and this Short de Peissy coming down upon them, and recognizing M. de la Tourrelle, they hand killed him, and brought him hither after nightfull. Heard him whose I called my handsand suncy in the case of the chandler of the chandl

heast agen of the terrible knowledge. I possessed it marells era. I dared not breathe quicker, I measured and timed cach heavy inspiration; I did not speak, nor move, nor even open my eyes, for long after I was in only foll, my miserable senses. I heard some one treading solly's about the room, as if with a parpose, not as if for curiosity or merely to beguite the times' some one passed in and out of the salon; and I still Juy quiet, feeling as if death were hereitable, but withing that the ageny of the salon; and I still Juy quiet, feeling as if death were horizontable, and the salon; and I still Juy quiet, feeling as if death were not higher and the salon; and I still Juy quiet, feeling as if charles of nothingness, I heard Amante's voice close to me, saxing.

"Drink this, Madame, and let us begone. All is ready."

I let her put her arm under my head and raise me, and pour something down my threat. All the time she kept talking in a quiet, measured voice, unlike her own, so dry and suthoritative. She told me that a sait of her clothes lay ready for me, that is herself was as much disguised as the circular of the salon of the salo

turning the corner—she first—I felt her biold of me tighten for an instant, and the oext step I to heard distant voices, and the blows of a spade upon the leavy acid, for the night was very warm and still.

We had not spoken a word; we did not speak now. Touch was acfer and as expressive. She turned down toward the high road; I followed. I did not know the path; we stumbled again and again, and I was much bruised; so doubtless was also; but boilty pain did me good. At last we were on the plainer path of the high road.

I had such faith in her that I did not venture to speak, even when she paused, as wondering to which hand she should turn. But now, for the first time, she spoke:

"Which way did you come when he brought you here first?"

"Which way did you come when he brought you here first?"

I would be the she was the she was a she was a she paused, as wondering to make the plant of the she had be to the she had be to the she had a she had law to the months of the she had locked the door of communication between his bedroom and mine, and, as in a dream, I was aware that she had locked and brought to the wonders of the she had locked the door of communication between his bedroom and mine, and, as in a dream, I was aware that she had also locked and brought away the key of the door between the latter and the salon.

"He will have be seen too hany this night to think may be shown that we had a she locked and brought way to the months of the she had locked the door of communication between his bedroom and mine, and, as in a dream, I was aware that she had locked months the first to be made me had been and the salon.

"He will have be seen too hany this night to think may be she had y prome he was a she had becked the door of communication between his bedroom and mine, and, as in a dream, I was aware that she had a locked and brought with the salon in the salon may be seen to shop you to sight. A had a mile locked the seen is seeking out some hiding place. At length, giving it up his was the mill, down to a non-ar

peraive, abut no only the averyges on experience of safety was to be still. But the demy shallow in which we were sitting was blighting, chance of safety was to be still. But the demy shallow in which we were sitting was blighting, control the safety of the safety of

stove on the opposite side to the ton which Far on in the night there were views reached as in our hidding place; an amory, at the door, and we saw through the chirk woman rough by effect to be go and open it

master, who came in, evidently bulf drunk. To my sick horror he was followed by Leisbrre, apparently as abore and will as ever. They were talking together as they came in, disputing about something; but the miller stopped the conversation to swear at the old woman for having fallen saleep, and with tipsy anger, and even with blows, drove the poor doll crature out of the kitchen to the conversation to swear at the old woman for having fallen saleep, and with tipsy anger, and even with blows, drove the poor doll crature out of the kitchen to the conversation of Leisburge size of the conversation of th

I order that we might the better preserve our characters of a traveling peddler and his wife; the stoffed a hungo no her back, the titickened my figure, else left ther own clothes deep down beneath a beap of others in the class from which alse had taken the man's dress which alse wore; and with a few france in her pocket—the sole money we had either of us had about us when we escaped—we let correlves town the ladder, unlocked it, and passed into the colon the ladder, unlocked it, and passed into the colon the ladder, unlocked it, and passed into the colon the ladder, unlocked it, and passed into the colon the ladder, unlocked it, and passed into the colon the ladder, unlocked it, and passed into the colon that the ladder, and the ladder in the ladder, and ladder, and ladder, the ladder, the ladder, and ladder, and ladder, and ladder, the ladder, the ladder, the ladder, and ladder, and ladder the ladder, the miller lock, and I first became capable of grophics which is the ladder of the ladder, and la

TRIMMING THE CHURCH.

TRIMMING THE CHURCH.

JEANE SHEEMAN, looking out of the front parlor windows of her father's country-house, through a little specture she had robbed in the beautiful frost-tracery with the rosy tip of her forefinger, saw the well-known figors of Fay Howard, well wrapped in fars, comin; up the graved walk.

An expression of michilevous delinitel passed ever her pretty blonds face, and she listed to admit him, beating the snow from his back and shoulders—sale hald to stand on tijn-tee to reach them—with much nancessary violence.

"Spare me, my dear!" cried Fay; "leave me a little breath, for I've got something very important to say."

little breath, for I've got something very important to say."

"For the first time in your life, then! Come in and warm your large hands while you tell me what it is."

She pretended to assist him in removing his great-coat but hindered him very considerably, in reality, and taking a little lump of some from its sleeve, adresily transferred it to his nock, where, spire of his gymnastic contortions, it gradually melted, and caused him cold shivers of an unpleasant tenrithines.

sleeve, admitly transferred it to his neck, where, spire of his gynnastic contortions, it gradually melted, and caused him cold alivers of an unpleasant lengthines.

For this trick be endeavored to ponish her with a kiss. She submitted in the most lamb-like wind a kiss. She submitted in the most lamb-like wind him, and ran into the parlor laughing like Iyil Eulenapinged.

Eay, who would have liked for once in his life to gy a reasonable and sincere reception from his life to gy a reasonable and sincere reception from his life to gy a reasonable and sincere reception from his life to gy a reasonable and sincere reception from his life to gy a reasonable and sincere reception from his life to gy a reasonable and sincere reception from his life to gy a reasonable and sincere reception from his life to gy a reasonable and sincere reception from his life to gy a reasonable and sincere reception from his life to gy a reasonable and an extending his face. She noticed it, and after the manner, Now may be supported to the support of t

"Wednesday night?" "Yes." "What time?" "What time?" "Who is going?" "The Sodgwids, and Waynes, end thet est. "Heen in all, or may'e sixteen." "Who is to drive?" "Sedgwids' sman." "John?"

"Why not?"
"Because I'm engaged for Wednesday oight."
"Oh no; are you?"
"What en agement?"
"The your or infe, Mr. Correisty?"
Howard list his lip and colored a little.
"May I ask with whem?"
"What he go with us?"
"What he go with us?"
"Haven't inquired."
"Now this to confoundedly had! I half pomised to bring you."
"Now this is too confoundedly had! I half pomised to bring you."
"Now this is too confoundedly had! I half pomised to bring you."
"Now this is too confoundedly had! I half pomised to bring you."
"Now this is too confoundedly had! I half pomised to bring you."
"Now it had is too confoundedly had! I half pomised to bring you."
"Now it is a strong air of vescilion.
"Well, I suppose what can't be cured must be endured, but I wish it hadd't happened so. If I can get them to postpone the straw-ride till Thursday, will you go?"
"I can not promise."
"He looked sorrowfully into her eyes, and held only his hand rather coulty.
"One one you going?" she asked.
"Down any you going?" she asked.
"Down any you going?" she asked.
"Down and you going?" she asked.
"Down and you going?"
"I can not promise."
"Now in mid. I don't care for outside coult' what is the use of going so soon? You're hardly warm yet."
"Now in mid. I don't care for outside cod!"
"Now, Fay—me you angry?"
"Now in mid. I don't care for outside cod!"
"Now, Fay—are you angry?"
"The sideways turn of her head, and the half-grieved, half-coquettish tone of her voice, were indeer half to be a search of the property of the lower through the same feather-froused window-pane whence she had observed his approach.
The fact war, she had goon a little too far, and found it out a little too late. She loved Fay with the same feather-froused window-pane whence she had observed his approach.
The fact war, she had goon a little too far, and found it out a little too late. She loved Fay with the whole heart; but seemen had too late and found it out a little too late. She loved Fay with the windown had a she had observed his approach.
The day is the legelous; and fare ma

ing a most pictoresque and Christmas-like coydeid.

Fay's plans were nearly finited, and pleased him the fanciel, justly, that the decoration to had a supposed for the organ-loft, fining the public was cally artistic; and he was in a condition of sn' be good-nature and salifaction with all time. The choice was a created the condition of sn' be good-nature and salifaction with all time. The choice was a created the condition of sn' be good-nature and salifaction with all time. The sn' should be; but the visitor was timin and did not enter.

Eay arose, and, opening the door, found Aliss Saried kincled standing he-situatly outside, doubt-fully examining the little eight that announced the name and profession of the occupant in medieval letters.

"Ah, Miss Susiel" said he, cheerily. "I'm glad to see you. Come in."

The young lady entered, and accepted the best chair, which Eay policely offered her.

"I heard," she said, after a moment of silence, "that you had finished the plans for the church-trimming, and so I thought I would drop in, as I was passing, to look at them, if you would let me."

me."

Fay, touched in a vulnerable point by this little evidence of appreciation, hastened to lay his drawings before her, and explained them with considerable enthusiasm, in which she had text enough to

evidence of apprendix nastened to lay his drawings before her, and explained them with considersings before her, and explained them with considersings before her, and explained them with considersings before her and the state of the conThis young lank, by reason of long residence in.

New York, halt claims to a higher degree of refersement and social knowledge than the maiders of
lingleton aspired to. She was greatly given to
residing poetry—not always very well selected; to
playing operatic music on her plano—not always very
well executed to the conversion on a variety of
very well executed to conversing on a variety of
very well executed to the conversion of the contraction of the control of the control of the contraction of the control of the control of the contraction of the control of the control of the contraction of the control of the control of the contraction of the control of the control of the conliake ringlets, shadowy brown syet, her accompliation-traction of the control of the conpliation of the control of the control of the conpliation of the control of the conpliation of the control of the con
Still, the was comin of the Solgvitis—the
wealthiest young men in Ingleton—and halt
wenthiest young men in Ingleton—and when
the praised Fay's designs, especially
that for the organ-loft; he was disposed to tract whith
the form of the control of the con
ling radically wrong or an pleasant about her;
and when she praised Fay's designs, especially
that for the organ-loft; he was disposed to tract with
the form of the control of the con
tent of the

beneath it?

"Often through the siteat nights A forcal, with shines and lights, A forcal with shines and lights and to young lovers particularly. In this instance, it was a cruel contrivance of Fate to send Jeanie Sherman to Fay Howard's office just when Susta Mitchell was there, and they were having a very agreeshle with the shines of the shines and light with shines and light with light and light with light with light and light with light



D. F. JAMIESON, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA

calties, she thought, and many and bitter were the twees she wept in repenting her severity. She firmly expected him to write again when she ra-turned his note, but had calculated the strongly on his love, and not strongly enough on his pride, making the same error as on the occasion of the straw-side.

straw-ribe.

But tears, and paleness, and apathy were of no avail. He had gone, and gone in anger. The gos ip- had their oline days of idle talk, of praise and blame, ill conceived and worze spoken. The young propie sighed for their light-hearted and pleavant friend for a while, and then, intent on their own little conceiles, let him pass to a sort of easy half-of-livion.

A year rolled around, and abortly before Christ-

CONVENTION, AND MINISTER OF WAR.-[SEE PAGE 78.]

mas young Sölgwick received a packet from New York, which, being opened, proved to centain a wonderfully chlorate and beautiful act of designs, somewhat similar, but decidedly superior, to these that Fay Howard had executed the year before. A brief note accompanied them:

"Dean Smowney,—I have animed myself, in spar moments, by designing the Xima decrations for your chierch, which I missee to you. Ask Easy Howarm," the win the name of these which the similar than the or the state of the state o

them in the basis of There was no address given, no clew by which a communication could have been made to reach him; and when Jeanie Siernan read the note she felt how completely she and Fay were separated, and shed more tears, and wore a sadder, puler face

Through the snowy and smooth village, with its vista of whiteroofed houses, walked Fay Howard, wellray to digar glimmerfug periodically from under his mostacele.

Ile took his way directly to the hotel,
where the laudlord
looked in wonderment
young man, as soon
as he had arrunged his
external toliet o little.

"They're trimming
it, Sir, with Chrisvanrecens."

"Ah, I thought so
clive me the key to
clive me the key
westitude, and a
tood
with his hand apon the histch of the baize-covered
door.

A deeme of surrest had baunted him ceaselessly
ever since the cold Christmas weather had set in.
It had seemed to bim that he must see Jeacia cone
more at that blessed season, or die before the New
Year was bern. Pursued by this idea, and a nysteriors prescience of coming jey, he had hastened
back to lagelton. Here he was at the chored,
tremulting.

There we much joy among the young folk, and
many. Lest of all came Jeanies Bherman, worn and
warn. Lest of all came Jeanies Bherman, worn and
warn. Lest of all came Jeanies Bherman, worn and
warn. Lest of all came Jeanies Bherman, worn and
warn. Lest of all came Jeanies Bherman, worn and
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warn. Lest of all came Jeanies Bherman, worn and
warn.



THE OLD MAN AND HIS SONS.

As old Man had many Sons, who were often quarreling with one another. When the father had exerted his anthority, and need other means to recencile them, but all to no purpose, he at hands the description of saichs to be brought; then commanded them each to try if, with all his night a warmength, be could break it. They all tried, but to no purpose, for the sticks being closely and compactly bound up together, it was impossible for the force of must do it.

After this, the fails r ordered the bandle to be untied, and gave a single stick to each of his



THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.-EXTERIOR.-[See Page 78.]

ten me, Jeanie?"—really a very absurd question, and quite malapropos.
"No, indeed!"
"I thenght you would!"—really a very untrue statement.

"I hardly knew which should fergive the other, Jeanie; but here, in this place, where we have es often listened together to the words of peace, is it not well for us to make our peace?"

She gave him her head, quickly and allently, as of the control of the cont



THE BROOKLYN ALADEMY OF MUSIC.-INTERIOR. OPENING CONCERT ON THE DAY, JANUARY 1, 18 1. - 182 P ...

logicton were loud in their presses of the manner-in which the cherch was trimmed. Nothing, it seemed to them, could be more beautiful than the decorations, so artistically planned, so defuly ar-

decerations, to artistically placed, so easy arranged.

But there was something more beamtiful. It was a group of young girls—fresh, row, roll and in spodess white—attended by a contribution of the state of the service of the servi

HON, D. F. JAMIESON.

HON. D. F. JAMIESON.

The Hen. D. F. JAMIESON, of who we this week present our readers a faithful portraiture, was born some flûy-two years ago in Oracgelarg District, South Carolina. His amesters, a few generations back, were Seatch and German. Some of them acquired a local distinction as partisan leaders in the flevolution. Mr. Jamiesou inherited from his parents a hundrome property, enough a classification of the many control of the c

anguler-tenerar in the State Service, since the command of a splendid brigals of cavalry, in which branch of the military service he took definition of the service of the

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

We publish on page 16, from a photograph kindly sent us from Charleston, South Carolina, a picture of the Washington Artillery of that city.

This is the largest and most efficient corps in this branch of the service among the citizen soldiers of Charleston, having a roll of 150 netree numbers. A detachment of this corps is a present stationed at Fort Mooltrie, where, is the late action of the strength of the corps in a tractice upon the strength picture, where is the the third thanks should Charleston be invaded. When their hands should Charleston be invaded. When their hands should Charleston be invaded. When the ordinance of accession was passed this corps was the first to offer its services to the State. Their arms are six harss field-picces, and Minlé muskets with Maynard primers.

THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF
MUSIC.

Ox Taxeday 15th and Thursday 17th inst., the
Brooklyn Academy of Music was formally opened
by a concert and a ball, and we take this opportunity of presenting our readers with two views of
it—one showing the interfor, the other the exterior.
Some three years have elapsed since the project
of an Academy of Music in Brooklyn began to assame reality. Several enterprising citizens of
Brooklyn, dissatisfied with the want of a suitable
room for concerts, cauxassed their friends, and
found that people were willing to subscribe money
for the purpose of erecting an academy that should
the property of the project of the project
of the purpose of erecting an academy that should
twere Mr. Lather B. Wyman, S. B. Chitten,
Whitebouse, Johan J. P. Yan, etc. A num of \$2150,000
was at once subscribed, and this was subsequently
circussed to \$200,000; the work was placed in the
hands of experienced architects; and as, now, after
the Brooklyn Academy is placed in the hands
of its awners, complete, perfect, and free of dobt.
The haitling is of brick, with decorations of
the state of the complete, perfect, and free of dobt.
The haitling is of brick, with decorations of
the state of the complete, perfect, and free of dobt.
The haitling is of brick, with decorations of
the state of the complete, perfect, and free of dobt.
The haitling is of brick, with decorations of
the complete perfect, and free of dobt.
The haitling is of brick, with decorations of
the complete perfect of the complete perfect of the complete perfect one. The windows, which are Gothten and the complete perfect, and free of dobt.
The haitling is of brick, with decorations of
the complete perfect of the complete perfect of the complete perfect of the complete perfect of the complete perfect of the complete perfect of the complete perfect of the complete perfect of the complete perfect of the complete perfect of the complete perfect of the complete perfect of the complete perfect of the complete perfect of the complete perfect of th

The exterior of the building is said to be finer than that of any other Academy of Music in the world.

The interior comprises a theatre, a concert-ball, dressing and choras rooms, a gree-treen, a kitchen, store-tooms, etc., etc. The theatre will said conveniently. There are no less than twee-proceanism boxes. The whole theatreth effective hit in the passand to the contract of th

TOO LATE.

Husn! speak low; trend softly; Draw the sheet aside; Yea, she does look peaceful; With that smile she died.

Yet stern want and sorrow
Even now you trace
On the wan, worn features
Of the still white face.

Restless, helpless, hopeless, Was her hitter part; Now—how still the Violets Lie upon her Heart!

She who toiled and labored For her daily bread; See the velvet bangings Of this stately hed.

Yes, they did forgive her; Brought her home at last; Strove to cover over Their relentless past.

Ah, they would have given
Wealth, and home; and pride,
To ace her just look happy
Once before she died!

They strove hard to please her, But, when death is near, All you know is deadened, Hope, and joy, and fear.

And besides, one sorrow
Deeper still—one paid
Was beyond thom: healing
Came to day—iq vain!

If she had but lingered

Jast a few hours more;
Or had this letter reached her Just one day hefore!

I can almost pity
Even him to-day;
Though he let this anguish
Eat her heart away.

Yet she never blamed him: One day you shall know How this sorrow happened; It was long ago.

I have read the letter: Many a weary year,
For one word she hungered—
There are thousands here.

If she could but hear it, Could but understand;
See—I put the letter
In her cold white hand.

Even these words, so longed for, Do not stir her rest; Well—1 should not marmur, For God judges best,

She needs no more pity;
But I mourn his fate,
When he hears his letter
Came a day too late.

A BITTER THOUGHT.

I mave a bitter Thought, a Suake
That used to sting my life to pain.
I strove to east it far away,
But every night and every day
It crawled back to my heart again.

It was in vain to live or strive, To think or sleep, to work or pray; At last I bade this thing accursed Gnaw at my heart, and do its worst, And so I let it have its way.

Thus said I: "I shall never fall
Into a false and dreaming peace,
And then awake, with sudden start,
To feel it biting at my heart,
For now the pain can never cease."

But I gained more; for I have found
That such a snake's envenomed charm
Must always, always find a part,
Deep in the centre of my heart,
Which it can never wound or harm.

It is coiled round my heart to-day.

It sleeps at times, this cruel snake,
And while it sleeps it never stigs:Hush! let us talk of other things,
Lest it should hear me and awake.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

BY CHARLES LEVER. AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLET," " HARRY LOSSEQUES," ETC., ETC.

"Well, what next? have you be thought you of any thing more to charge me with?" cried at large full man, whose angry look and manner showed how he resented these cheatings.

I staggered back sick mod faint, for the individual before me was Crofton, my kind host of long ago in Ireland, and from whose hospitable roof I had taken anch as unceremonious de-

port I not take used as disclerationed sparture.

"Who are you?" cried he, again. "I had hoped to have paid every thing and every hody. Who are you?"
Wishing to retire unrecognized, I stammered out something very unitelligibly indeed about my gratitude, and my hope for a pleasant joirney to him, retreating all the while toward the door.

my gratitude, and my hope for a pleasant jourmy to binn, retreating all the white toward the
door.

"It's all very well to wish the traveler a
pleasant journey," said he, "tout you innkeepers
ought to bear in mid-tilled by roguery. This
house is somewhat dearer than the Clarendon
in London, or the Hotel du Rhin at Paris.
Now, there might be perhaps some pretext to
make a man pay smartly who travels post, and
has two or three servants with him, but what
excuse can you make for charging some poor
devil of a foot traveler, taking his humble meal
in the common room, and, naturally enough, of
the commoness fare, for making him pey eight
for ins—eight of the property of the
torias—eight of the property of the
people was hundsomely paid at six florins
sheed, and yet you bring in a bill of eight
florins against that poor wretch."

I saw now, that, what between the blinding
effects of his indignation, and certain changes
which time and the road had worked in my appearance, it was more than probable I should
escape underseted, and so I affected to busy
myself with some nricles of his laggage that
Jay scattered about the room until could man"Touch nothing, my good fellow!" eried be,
angilly: "send my own poople here for these
things. Let my contier come here—or my
valet."

This was too good an opportunity to be
thrown away, and I made at once for the door,

Table 1. We see too good an opportunity to be throun away, and I made at once for the door, but at the same instant it was opened, and Mary Crofton stood before me. One glance showed me that I was discovered, and there I stood, speechless with shame and confusion. Rallying, however, after a moment, I whispored, "Don't betray me," and tried to pass out. Instead of minding my entreaty, she see the Table to the door, and laughingly cried out to her brother,

"Don't betray me," and tried to pass ont. Intended of minding my entreaty, she set her hack to the door, and laughingly cried out to her brother,
"Dou't you know whom we have got here?"
"What do you mean?" exclaimed he.
"Can not you recognize an old friend, not-withstanding all his efforts to cut as?"
"Why—what—surely it eas't be—ic's not possible—eh?" And by this time he had wheeled me round to the strong light of the window, and then, with a load burst, he cried out, and then, with a load burst, he cried out, which is the second of the window, and then, with a load burst, he cried out, which is the second of the window, and then, with a load burst, he cried out, which is the second of the window, and then, who had cond you mean by wanting to escape as?" and he wring my hand with a cordist shake that at once brought the blood back to my heart, while his sister completed my happiness by saying,
"If you only knew all the schemes we have planned to catch you, you would certainly not have tried to avoid us."
I made an effort to say something—any thing, in short—his not a word would come. If I was overloyed at the warmth of their greeting, I was not look of the word would come. If I was overloyed at the warmth of their greeting, I was not look of the word would come. If I was overloyed at the warmth of their greeting, I was not look of the word would come. If I was overloyed at the warmth of their greeting, I was overlyed at the warmth of their greeting, I was overlyed at the warmth of their greeting, I was overlyed as the warmth of their greeting, I was overlyed at the warmth of their greeting, I was overlyed at the warmth of their greeting, I was overlyed at the warmth of their greeting, I was overlyed as the warmth of their greeting, I was overlyed at the warmth of their greeting, I was overlyed at the warmth of their greeting, I was overlyed at the warmth of their greeting, I was overlyed at the warmth of their greeting, I was overlyed at the warmth of their greeting, I was overlyed at the warmth of their greet

FERRIARY 2, 1861.

your father lived. I went ut once and celled upon him, my object being to learn if he had only tidiuge of you, and where you then were I found him no better informed than myself. He showed me a few lines you had written ou the morning you left home, stating that you would probably he absent some days, and might be even weeks, but that since that date nothing had been heard of you. He seemed vexed and displeased, but not uneasy or apprehensive about your absence, and the same tone I observed it is not you and the same tone I observed, and not a whit wiser than he went. His self-extern as to his capacity is in the red-pileate ratio of the inverse proportion of his ability, and he will be always a fool. I wrote to various friends of ours traveling about the world, but more had met with you; and at last, when about to come abroad myself, I called again on your father, and found him just re-married."

"He-married!"

"He-married!"

"He-married!"

"Re-married!"

"Ne-married is lovely, he said, and wanted compast sombly, and so on; and all I could obtain from him was a note for a bundred pounds, and a prompting and him but there are instincts and promptings in his secret heart that they know nothing of. I will never go back. Go on."

"Hove you would shere the business of his shop with him."

"Never! never!" said I. "Potts may be the fool they deem him, but there are instincts and promptings in his secret heart that they know nothing of. I will never go back. Go on."

and promptings in his secret heart that they know nothing of. I will never go back. Go on."

"I now come to my own story. I left Iroland a day or two after and ceme to Englend, where business detained me some weeks. My nucle had died and left me his helf-not, indeed, so much as I had expected is life or very off for a man of the story of the

onquered.

"The victory was a very barren one. It embittered every horr of his life after, and the only reparation in his power he attempted on his death-bed, which was to settle an amunity on the family of the men he had mined. It offers on the family of the men he had mined. It offers on the family of the men he had mined. It offers on the family of the men he had mined. It offers of the family was in actual distress, but nothing would induce them to listen to the project of assistance; and, in fact, the indigentian complete me to retire from the attempt in despair. My sister did her utmost in the canse, but equally in vain, and we prepared to leave the place, much depressed and cast down by our failere. It was on the last evening of our stay at the inn of the little village, a townsman of the place, whom I had employed to aid my attempt by his personal influence with the family, asked to see me and speak with me in private.

In a supplementary of the supplementary of the place of the supplementary of the place of

all the stronger."

"You'll think it strange," said I, "but 1 already know something of this story; the new you allode to was Sit S—

"How on earth have you."

"How on earth have you goessed that?"

"How on earth have you goessed that?"

"How have my fellow passengers talked over the event, and I subsequently traveled with Sit S——'s daughter, who came abroad to fill the

nation of a companion to an elderly lady. She alled herself Miss Herbort."

"Exactly: The widow resumed her forming the forming the widow resumed her forming the widow resumed her forming the widow resumed her forming the widow resumed and the widow she widow here; and at all events, you shall read my letter hanced upon this link of the chain! And do not know her?

"Intimately; we were fellow-travelers for some days."

mc days."

"And where is she now?"

"She is, at this moment, at a villa on the ake of Como, living with a Mrs. Kestes, the ster of her Majesty's Envoy at Kalbbraten-

steet of the results of the second of the se

May we then count upon your assistance in our project?"

"That you may," said I. "From this hour fevere was a self-to-level with the project of the country luggage to be placed on his carriage and start off with them; but I firmly opposed this plan. First of sill, I had no luggage, and bad no faucy to confess as much; secondly, I resolved to give at least one day for Vaterchen's arrival—1'd have given a month rather than come down to the dreary thought of his being a knave, and Tintenfleck is cheet! In fact, I felt that if I were to begin any new project in life with so black an experience that every step I took would be marked with distant and tarnished with suspicion. I therefore pretended to Crofton that I had given rendezvous to a friend at Lindau, and could not leave without waiting for his land to the country of t

etc of eur search, and these were precisely the crot of places such a man would be certain to Our disensaion lasted so long that the Crof-course of the country of the coun

che speculating as to what share of acetesses he could contribute to the common such investigation. It was when Crofton left that ome to earned for the partratic of Wilalley that on to earned for the partratic of Wilalley that of the control of t

tract; and, at all events, you shall read my letter.

"Par from it," said I, "my hesitation had a very difforent carree. I was soich! thinking whether, if you were aware of love? I could in my relations to Miss Herbert, you would have selected me as your advocate; and chough it may pain me to make a full confession, you shall hear every thing."

With this I told her all—all, from my first period, and the relation of the property of the proper

"His eye has no forgiveness in it," said his sister.

"Well, one thing is clear enough, he ought to be easily recognized; that broad forehead, and those wide-spread nostrils and deeply divided chin, are very striking marks to guide one.—I can not give you this," said Crefton to he, "hat I'll take care to send you an accurate copy of it at the first faverable moment; meanwhite, make yourself master of its details, and try if you can not carry the resemblance is your memory."

Of course I would not listen to this proposal, and athbough arged by Miss Crofton with all a woman's tact and delines; I persisted so firally II may refusal that they were obliged to yield. If they were obliged to yield in the propose of the prop

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